



E. R. MORAS, M. D.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89. Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), etc.

**R**ECENTLY I met someone on the train between Chicago and Highland Park. I didn't get his name, but he turned out to be a doctor, too. He'd "caught a cold in the train last night."

"Was it so cold in the sleeper?" I asked.

"Lord, no, it was suffocating hot," he said. To which I started to remark, "Oh, I see, you caught a hotness. . . ."

Squinting at me over his specs, as if I had pricked his toy-balloon, he wanted to know what I meant—and I meant that he had filled up his bellows all night long with foul, toxic, over-and-over-again inhaled and exhaled human breath, and his blood-and-flesh was trying to snuffle and leak it out of him in the form of slime, mostly—and "if you're sensible, doctor, you'll help yourself to get rid of that load of gaseous and slimy foulness."

"You mean to take a little quinine, and..?" he dubiously queried.

I wasn't looking for that, but caught the cue and sputtered out, "Quinine! and why not a little whisky with it—and some aconite or belladonna—and a cocaine spray—and a few stiff doses of aspirin or sodium salicylate and a Turkish bath . . . and—er—er—and—well, doctor, are you going to eat some supper?"

"Why—I guess so."

"Are you hungry?"

"Not much; kind o' lost my taste but I'll manage to eat something all right."

There you are, boys and girls, little and big. Talk about force-feeding chicks and geese for market. Just then the train reached his town, so I hastened to remark that if I were he I'd feed my body plenty of pure air and water and orange or lemon juice and get rid of that "beastly cold."

You mean you would diet? You believe in dieting to cure a cold?" and off the train he went. Off indeed!

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# E. R. MORAS, M. D.

Department 829

Highland Park, Illinois